

[A]
PINDARICK POEM,

CONSECRATED

To the Memory of his much Honoured Friend,

WILLIAM FOX Esquire.

WHO DIED

Of the Fatal small Pox April 22, 1681. In the 19th Year of his Age.

Dedicated to his most afflicted Parents the Right Honourable
Sir Stephen Fox Knight, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury,
Clerk of the Green Cloath, &c. and his most Vertuous Lady.

AH Sir! they told me he was Dead,
To prepar'd Joys, and endless Glories Fled.

Oh my Prophetick Fears!

The pointed news like Lightning pierc'd my Ears,

Too great to be reliev'd with Cries, and Tears.

It quickly ran through every Part,

It lick'd up Life in all my Vins,

It shot new Tortures and new Pains,

And like cold Death surpriz'd my trembling Heart.

At length my struggling Griefs their Silence Broke,

And in their Pangs with great submission Spoke,

Ah how dark to Humane Seale

Are the mysterious ways of Providence!

Why should I live, and see my Parents Lives?

Enjoy their Friends, their Children, and their Wives?

Who cause the Widdows Groans, and Orphans Tears,

And live to count their Vices, with their Years.

Whilst the young Man, his great Creators Praise,

Fam'd for ripe Virtues in his greener Days,

By Strangers much carels'd, and much Admir'd,

Much lov'd by all his Friends, but more Desir'd,

Like some fair Flower soon Withers, and Decays,

Amongst ten thousand Weeds, which thrive, but Yield

No Profit to the Master of the Field.

Though by the Bed the Pious Mother Rears,

Her pensive Soul upon the Wings of Prayers,

That gentle Heaven would grant him a Reprieve,

Alas in vain she reads the Oracles,

No Prayers, nor Tears can Life Retrieve,

For the good Youth grasps her dear Hand, and Dies.

[2]

How secretly Heaven manages Mankind!

And out of kindness keeps us Blind.

In all its penal Laws,

It gives th' Effect, but veils the mighty Cause.

Tis hard, but punish'd Man must not complain,

Or if he does tis but in Vain,

For struggling doth but closer draw the Chain.

Hence

[2]

Hence 'tis more easie, 'tis Good
In the sharp Torments of our Flesh, and Blood,
To bear the stroaks with Patience, and to Trust
Those Dispensations, though obscure, yet Just,
Ah Madam, let me first my pardon Crave,
Before I bring you to his Grave,
And on the hallow'd Tomb Express,
The Figure of your once great Happiness,
Then let your Grief find Ease, and some Content,
To think your Son did Young, and Innocent,

[3]

Indeed he did afford a lovely Scene.
Here, pleasant Fields adorn'd with cheerful Green,
And early Flowers o'lig'd the Eye,
With Natures primitive Simplicity.
There, Artificial Currents did appear,
With Musick running, and with deepness Clear.
Which being cut with greatest Art, and Toil,
Did beautifie the View, and fatten all the Soil.
From these fair Streams, the fruitful Trees that Grew
Upon the smiling Banks, renew
Their cheerful strength, and as the Waters pass,
Rejoyce to see themselves within the liquid Glass.
A Rich fair Hill did stand hard by,
Climb'd up with ease by him, though very High,
From whose larg Top, he might as 'twere from Home,
Take a true Scheme of life to come.
Honours though distant seem'd to be at Hand
Within his reach, and ready at Command.
Beneath this Hill was drawn a Valley Low,
There the freshest Virues Grow,
Humility and Condescension too.
'Tis there Mankind takes most Delight,
And best from it observes the Mountains Height.

[4]

But whilst our Eyes were Blest
With this kind Prospect, Cruel Fate
Demonstrated this Truth, that small Content
Ought to be plac'd in humane State.
For lo! the Calm and Glorious day was Spent
And the bright Sun soon hurry'd to the West.
Ah Fatal sight! within my View,
The Croaking Raven to the Forrest Flew,
And after him the Screeching Owle,
With the Foreboding Jay,
Pitch'd on the Top of the unlucky Yew.
Whilst underneath the Rav'nous Wolf did Howl,
Desirous of its Prey,
Glad to behold the Conquest of the Day.
Now horrid Night came Marching up apace,

[3]

And with black fumes infected all the Place,
How quickly all things chang'd, seem'd Flat, and Dead,
In Hast each Form retir'd, each Beauty Fled,
And the delightfull Landskip Vanished.
Then Groans, and Shreeks were heard, and Showers of Rain
Descending feircely down, Wash'd all the Neighb'ring Plain.

[5]

Twas a sad change! And as my Greif's are True,
Pray Madam let me weep with You.
If I forget Thee, my much Honour'd Friend,
Till life worn out shall reach its desir'd End.
Oh! may no real Friend of Mine,
So much my worldly good Desig,
As thou didst freely Vow to be,
A faithfull profitable Friend to Me.
For which kind promise Dear, and Generou Youth,
As I am sure thy words were born of Truth
So I will gratefully remember Thee;
Often with Silent steps I'll come
To vent my Grief at thy sad Tomb,
Thy Bodies second Womb:

But chiefly on that Lamentable Day,
When thy chaste Soul made hastaway,
I will my Melancholy Sonnets Sing,
And scatter there my Flow'ry Offering.
Thy Grave like Thee shall imitate the Spung.
On thy beloved Relicks I will Strew,
The blushing Rose, and Violet Blew;
Thee Hyacinth, and thee Narcissus Too.
For once he was more sweet, and fresh than You.

[6]

As for thy Soul tis now at Rest,
Happy with Saints, with Angels Blest;
Freed by thy new Immortal Birth,
From that allay of our Contagious Earth.
Safe from the world, and all its Snares,
From its light joys, and hevy cares,
From painted Sepulchers, and Gilded Pills,
From Smooth beginnings, and their hal Ills.
Nay Heaven was kind to call Thee hme so Soon,
And lodge thee in thy Inn before twas Noon.
Else hadst thou ventur'd on thy dangerous Way,
In a long Journey, and the heat of Day,
Though thou as yet wert very cool and Pure;
Yet who on earth can be Seare?
Perhaps some Malady had seiz'd thy Sul,
Perhaps had pitted it and made it Foul
Or else some Thief joyning himself to Thee,
Under pretence of Fatal Company,

Perhaps

Perhaps had lead thy better sense astray,
And made at last thy Innocence a Prey.

[5]

But now henceforth for ever Young,

Ever Powerful, ever Strong,

Ever Vertuous, and secure of Bliss,

With such Companions as thy Brother *Daphnis* is.

Daphnis, than whom none is more Gay, or bright,

Amongst the fair Inhabitants of Light,

The Joyful *Daphnis* clapt his Wings, and Said,

But spake it with a Smile,

Brother tis well, our Parents call us Dead,

And that you staid behind so short a While.

Like me on Earth you dwell without its Crimes,

But Heaven in mercy took you Home,

To rescue you from Sin of Present Times,

And from the Punishment of those to Come.

Here we enjoy Eternal Health,

Eternal peace, Eternal Wealth.

Hither our Parents ev'ry Day make Hast,

And Hither all good Friends on Earth shall come at last.

[6]

Ah ye Blest Immortal Pare!

Most blest because ye dyell together there.

Look down, and if you can, see *Pier* *Know*

The wretched state of Mortals here below.

Behold how ev'ry Age does run,

Driv'n by peculiar Vice to be undone,

Head-long into its own Confusion.

This Young-man gives his heart to loose Desires,

And burns it up to Dross, in lawless Fires.

That, with his Wine pow'rs out his precious Day,

Drown's his Estate, and wishes Health away.

Ambition grants Mans middle Age no Rest,

The Viper always gnaws his Ulcer'd Breast;

For a false fame, he will his soul Ensnare,

Come short of Heaven, for Cates in the Air.

But miserable Old age catches Hold,

On the lov'd Canvals, to lose its Gold.

On useles Wealth the broodin Miser lies,

Turn'd into native Earth, before he Dies.

Therefore the longer Man advances Age;

He does but change his Vice, and tread another Stage.

Hence old, and conscious Sinners fear to die,

For gross Souls clog'd with Earth, can never Fly.

Or their short wings grow weary, and can't move

To the high Palace of the Puc Above,

But flutter in the lower Regins of the Sky.